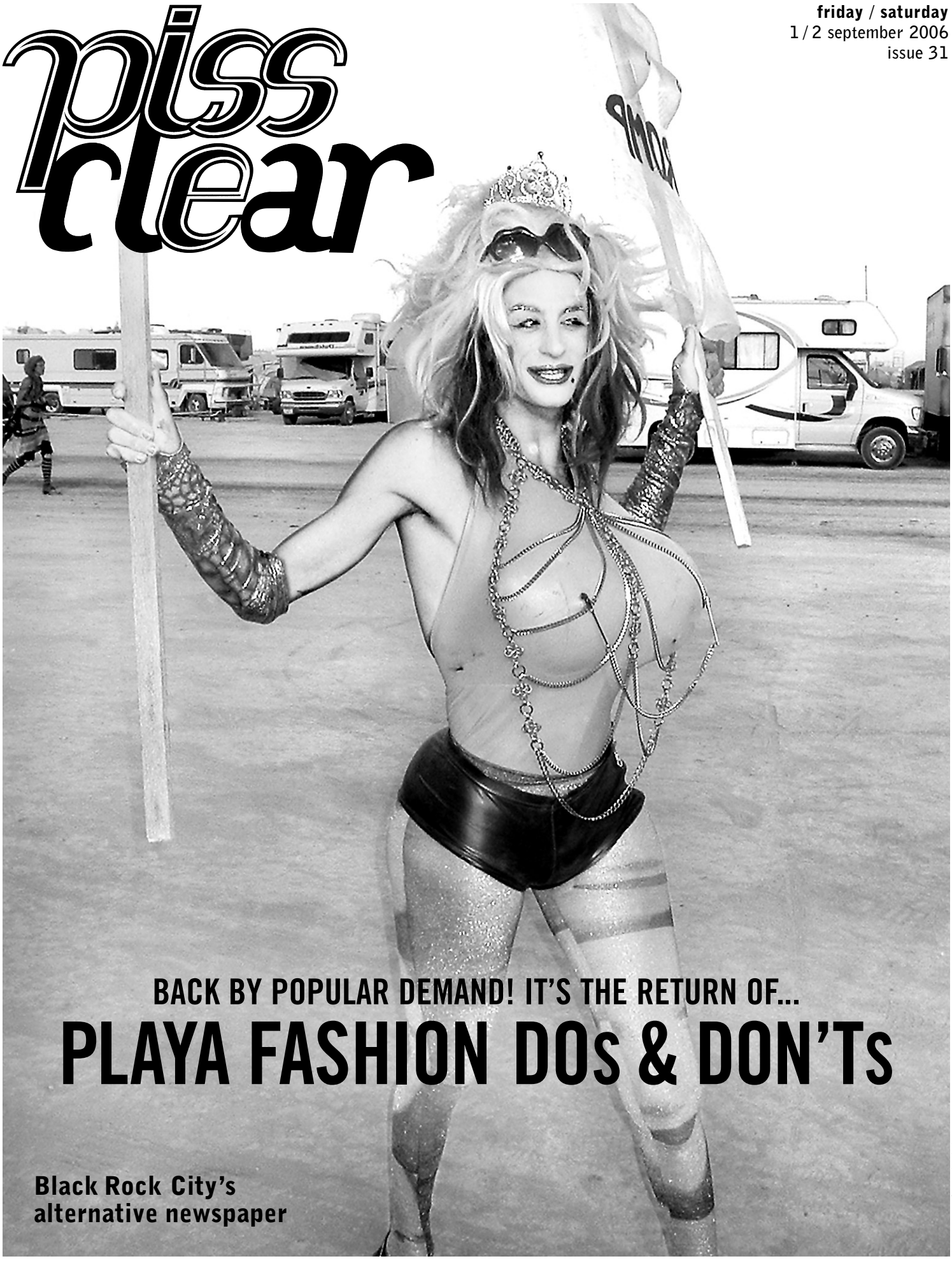
friday / saturday
1 / 2 september 2006
issue 31

piss clear



BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND! IT'S THE RETURN OF...

PLAYA FASHION DOs & DON'Ts

Black Rock City's alternative newspaper

photo courtesy of Erica Candy Cane

No poetry, ever (haiku doesn't count)

piss clear

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On the cover:
Erica Candy Cane struts her stuff on the playa. Not really sure whether this is a fashion do or don't.

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No TLC for BRC *by ADRIAN ROBERTS*

This is our last issue of the year, and what can I say? Apparently lots, if you go by all the drunken blurbs I've been jotting in my notebook all week. I'm way too burnt out to bother stringing it into anything that ties together coherently, so I'm just going to blah blah blah until this column is full, so I can get my ass out of this RV and go enjoy the few remaining days we have left out here!

Don't volunteer for BRC!

There's been a lot of lively discussion in our camp regarding several of the articles in our first issue, especially the ones about art funding and ticket prices.

You know, for an event that likes to pretend it's all about the art, it's ironic that true starving artists can't afford to come here. Instead, Burning Man has become a playground for slumming yuppies on holiday. After all, they're the only ones who can afford the tickets!

I have a feeling though that the BRC LLC likes to keep the ticket prices high. It keeps out a "certain element." After all, Black Rock City is awfully upper middle-class and white.

It pisses me off, because not only is it elitist, exclusionary, and quasi-racist, but no one ever calls them on their shit. No, instead, people fucking volunteer for them. Volunteering for a corporation ... WTF? Yes people, Black Rock City is a company owned by six people. Volunteer for the Red Cross, not for a for-profit corporation!

Meanwhile, while many of us shell out tons of our own cash to come here and create something special, a very select few are handed out cash to bring their "art." Why are some art pieces funded and others are not? Who gets deemed worthy for funding? Sooner or later, everyone's gonna want a piece.

Get rid of all the art funding!

Seriously. Not kidding. Look, I like art as much as the next Burner, but funding art not only jacks up the ticket prices, it creates a poisonous environment of Black Rock City "haves" and "have-nots," which unfortunately, can't escape the stench of favoritism. It fosters bitterness and resentment amongst Burner artists who bust their asses making shit happen, yet never see a dime from the Black Rock City Corporation.

Take a look at Dr. Megavolt or the dance camps at Opulent Temple or Nexus. Or what about this newspaper? All of us are big projects that happen *without* money from the BRC LLC. And if we can do it, then so can the artists.

But there's a reason certain artists are consistently handed money each year for their projects, while others don't. It's called nepotism. Are Pepe Ozan's stupid playa sculptures really any better than half the other shit that's out there? Of course not. But he's part of the Burning Man "in crowd," so the BRC LLC writes a check for whatever piece of shit he wants to build out there. There, I said it.

Of the over 300 pieces of art out here, less than 30 of them got art funding. Does that sound fair to you? I say, level the playing field. Get rid of all the art funding!

Burn the Man on Wednesday! Or ... not

Well, here it is, Friday, and the Man is still standing. Yeah, how 'bout that great "Burn the Man on Wednesday" idea? Too bad it didn't work. Apparently, Crimson and Larry freaked out and put the BLM and fire marshal on high alert. Oh well ... at least our hearts were in the right place. It ended up being a great party anyway – even if we didn't manage to burn the Man.

Take down a darkwad!

My god, how *stupid* are you people? Every year, I'm amazed at the number of idiots who walk or ride around at night with NO LIGHTS on. Here at *Piss Clear,* we call these people darkwads, and we're calling on you, the concerned Black Rock City citizen, to take them down!

If you see someone walking around at night without any lights, knock into them. "Whoops! Sorry I didn't see you – you WEREN'T WEARING ANY FUCKING LIGHTS YOU FUCKING DARKWAD!" Send a message. Nothing too severe, just a trip to the Medical Tent with some scrapes and bruises. Look, it's us or them. You're actually helping your fellow Burners by taking action now. Think of it as a public service.

I know it sounds harsh, but if you can afford a Burning Man ticket, you can afford some EL-wire ... or at least some fucking glowsticks. Don't be a darkwad! Wear lights at night!

adrian's rant

Thanks, *Black Rock Beacon*, for giving us somewhere to send all the wackos

We have to give a shout-out to our sistas in playa journalism, the *Black Rock Beacon*. They're not quite as boring as the *Black Rock Gazette* was, and if it weren't for them, we'd have nowhere to send all the crazy crackpots who come by our camp with so-called "story ideas" and self-indulgent poetry. It's nice to be able to say, "Sorry, we've already gone to press. But you should take that petty, vindictive, self-serving rant over to the *Beacon!*"

Oh, and that half-written press release posing as an advertisement for your personal Burning Man project? The *Beacon* will take that as well. See, we never do entire articles on any one particular camp or project. With over 500 theme camps and shitloads of art, we can't play favorites. There's just too much cool shit to cover it all. Oh sure, we'll shamelessly name-drop stuff we like – **Peepshow Mini-Golf! Death Guild Thunderdome! Comfort & Joy!** – but it's our editorial policy to cover the unique culture and lifestyle of Black Rock City – not to do indulgent puff pieces on singular projects.

So *Beacon* – thanks for being there! BFF! (But if you still want a smackdown in the T-dome, we're down...)

Mashing it up, Burning Bootie-style

Thanks to everyone who came out to Fandango for our first **Bootie BRC, Black Rock City's only mashup bootleg party!** I had fun singing Michael Jackson's "Billie Jean" over Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" – even if I barely remember doing it! And DJ Mysterious D spun her entire last set in blackout! Malderor, whose column is on the next page, mixes one mean-ass cocktail. A shout-out to C-Dub for keeping everyone liqueed up, and to Shannon for being the first one on the dance floor!

If you missed out, we're be bringing our Bootie BRC bastard pop dance party to the Esplanade! Tired of trance and techno? Ready to hear some tunes with vocals, songs with actual beginnings and ends? We'll be spinning all your favorites, but in new, fucked-up ways – Cher never sounded so good fronting AC/DC! We're at **Outpost AutoSub TONIGHT, at 3:30 & Esplanade.**

Drink enough water so that you...

Oh, one last thing. Drink enough water so that you **piss clear** – in case you were wondering how this publication got its name. Have a good Burn, and we'll see you on the playa!

Hippie smackdown

malderor's rant

by MALDEROR

I've been really trying to make this column less cranky this year, but nothing stops me in my tracks like being talked down to by a hippie.

Attentive readers will know that I camp with one of the larger villages out here. Down the street from us are a group of Burners who, shall we say, have a different world-view than our own. I don't want to sully their good name, so I'll just call them the Hippie-Dippy Gropers. (I don't intend to spread rumors, but there was an arrest made in their camp last year. It seems an individual went way too far in giving a "free massage" to an unwilling member of the opposite sex. Way too far. He copped a feel, and she got the cops. I congratulate her for pressing the matter, and for getting the creepy motherfucker arrested. I'm sure he's not representative of their whole camp, and it was an isolated incident, and there are plenty of good folks over there, blah blah blah. Whatever...)

Anyway ... yesterday, one of these self-appointed guardians of The Burning Man Spirit™ came bicycling over to ask me why our village had been allocated so much space, and why we weren't "doing more to be interactive with our community."

Dude, fuck you.

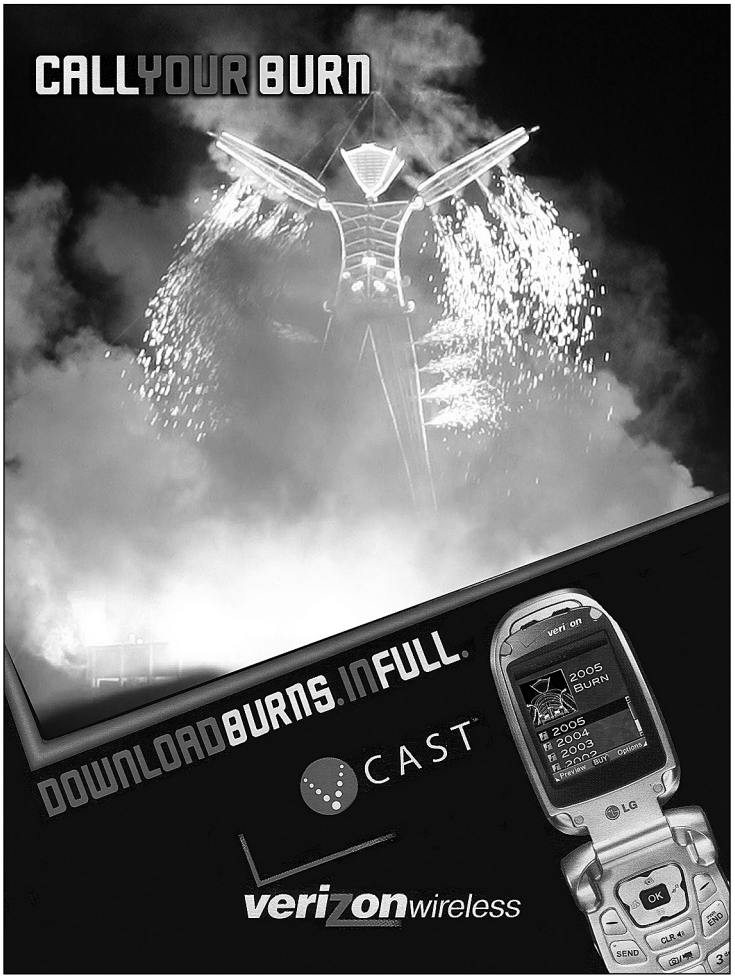
It might not be readily apparent to your weed-fogged vision, but just because people aren't dressed up like it's some kind of extra-arid Mardi Gras doesn't mean they aren't contributing. Just because something isn't obvious to your limited perception doesn't mean it's not happening, my dope-deluded friend. You might think twice before assuming that the person before you, who is dressed simply in shorts, a t-shirt, and a disdainful scowl, must be one of those vile "non-participants." It's quite possible they're participating a whole lot more than you. (It's also possible that you should consider a solar shower sometime in the immediate future.)

I'm a big fan of costumes. Some of the most imaginative artwork out here is that which people have applied to their own appearance. That said, I don't usually go for costumes myself. I'm usually too busy trying to help my village get organized to worry about dressing up like Pippi Fucking Longstockings. And maybe, given our size, my village doesn't have that many obvious 'community interactive' aspects, but the fact that we don't offer a backrub and a handjob to every dirtbag that passes by doesn't mean we aren't busy little campers. Our people are working. Some of us helped with the Flaming Lotus Girls' *Serpent Mother* project. Some of us welded that Bicycle Ferris Wheel that rolls around out there. Some of us built the building where they sell ice. Some of us are Rangers. Some built *Dance Dance Immolation*. Some are *Piss Clear* staff and delivery people, and some of us operate a public bar that's open 24 hours a day, trying to get you hammered for the duration of the event. These are no small endeavors, and they require significant amounts of effort, liquor, and clean-up.

All this for $400

I guess I took umbrage at this self-important hippie dickweed, and his opinion that our camp didn't represent his notion of the "Burning Man Ideal," whatever that might be. Our camp has one ideal, and that's pretty much 'autonomy.' We expect every person in our village to be 100% autonomous, to Leave No Trace, and not to need a lot of hand-holding. We're all completely able to take care of ourselves, and we're not expecting to rely on anybody else. This would be in sharp contrast with the Hippie-Dippy Gropers, who charge $400 per person for "camp dues," which include a week's worth of food, mollycoddling, and, one presumes, massages with happy endings. (Just thinking about it gives me the heebie-geebies.)

Does this mean our village isn't "community spirited" enough for my herb-reeking friend? Perhaps. We offer free cocktails to all comers, without asking for any sort of barter or exchange. Does Mr. Hempy-Pants think we should also give him a roller coaster ride and a reach-around? I guess. Apparently that's how they roll over in his camp. But just because we're not painted blue, or dressed like extras from *Mad Max*, or trying to slip Rophynol into our guests' cosmos, it doesn't mean we aren't busting our asses to make sure you have some fucking fun out here.



Stay home with your kids! *by SIR LOIN*

sir loin's rant

How would you feel if the Jager Girls roamed the streets of Disneyland, or if porn was broadcast during Saturday morning cartoons?

That would be wrong, right?

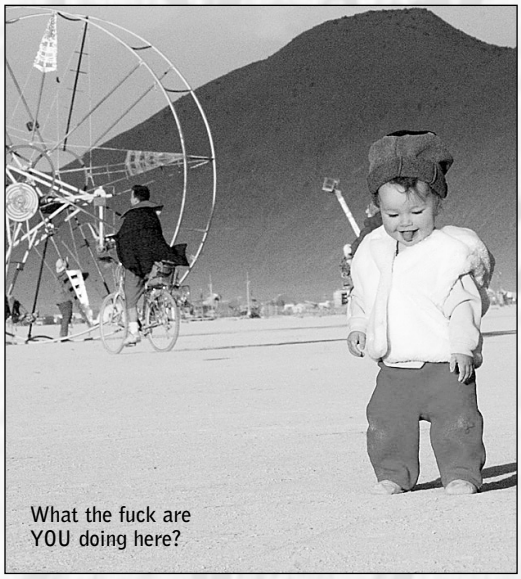
So, why do you bring your kids to Burning Man?

I say, round 'em up, deport them, or place them in an internment camp.

I'm surprised the Pershing County Sheriff hasn't started reporting child endangerment cases to the county. Would you risk a court battle to get your kids released from foster care, if you knew the consequences? You're responsible for protecting a child and bringing them to Burning Man is like summer school for all of society's aberrations and perversions, not to mention the harsh and dangerous environment that is Black Rock City.

Why are you desensitizing your kids with adult themes? Can't a kid grow up without the sterling image of a Price Albert fogging their minds for eternity?

Since when is it okay to voluntarily expose your child to duststorms? Why are you positioning your kids near explosions? How do you explain an 18-foot mobile penis to an 8-year-old girl? Have you ever seen playa foot on a 3-year-old? It's awful. And diaper rash on the playa? What the fuck were you thinking?



What the fuck are YOU doing here?

Tim Timmermans

Kids at Burning Man are a buzz kill. They present too much reality for the ultimate playa experience. I don't want to see them; I don't want to hear them. I don't want to be part of their twisted experience of how grown-ups behave. I don't want them to watch me spank the lizard lady with her own tail.

Wouldn't everyone involved be just a little better off if the little brats stayed home? To all you "cool" parents that brought your kids here with you, are you stupid, insane, or just selfish? The Black Rock Desert is dangerous. People die here. People get seriously hurt here. The drive alone has been proven fatal.

Not convinced? Take the test: There are 30,000 handguns in a pile and one of them is fully loaded. Entry to BRC is granted to any parent willing to play Russian roulette with their kids. Question: How may of you would grab a gun, press it against your baby's head and pull the trigger?

Okay? Now go home and take your litte baby Burner with you!

haiku *by CUDDLES*

Hmm ... Survival Guide
Your words won't
hold up in court
Thanks for my divorce

Pretty wings you have
Funny how you
cannot fly
Fairies make me laugh

Generation Moop
The Man has
become the Man
Here comes Ranger X

Chasing burning bling
No patience to be
"gifted"
Bought this thing online

Burn the Man, yeah burn
Who's that trapped
inside the Man?
Oops, guess
Larry smokes

Deadline for *Piss Clear*
Too drunk to edit haiku
Try gooder next year

My name Burning Man
childhood ambition to burn bright
fondest memory the Helco burn, '96
inspiration 36,000 Burners
indulgence Crimson's fire dancers
My life to burn again and again
My card American Express

AMERICAN EXPRESS

My life. My card.